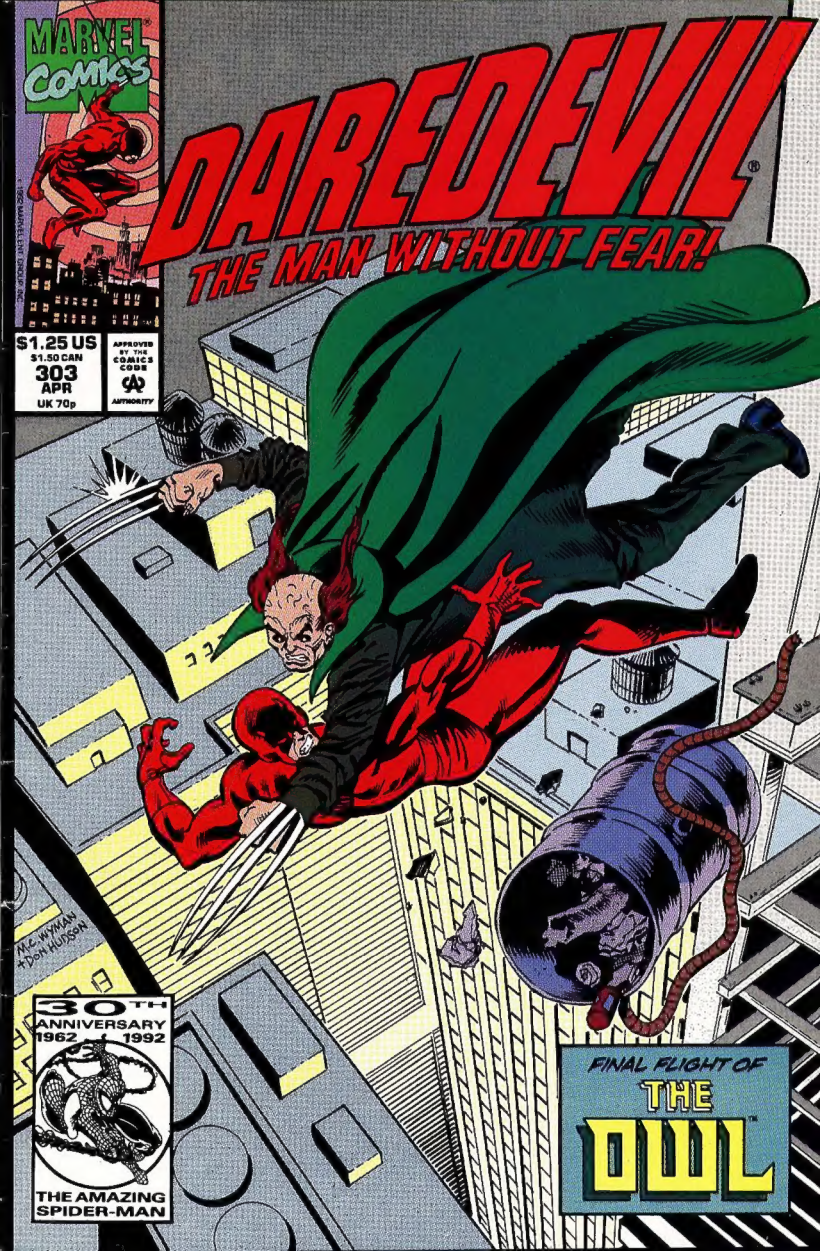
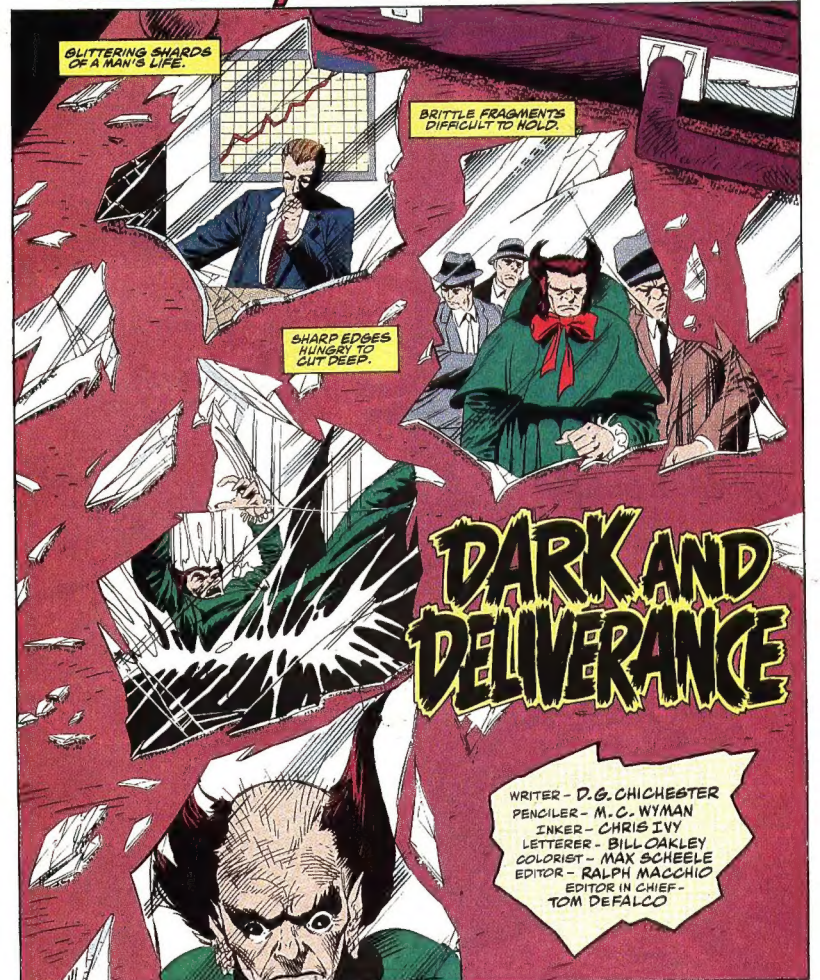

MARVEL COMICS
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
$1.25 US
$1.50 CAN
303
APR
UK 70p
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
M.C. WYMAN
&DON HUDSON
30TH ANNIVERSARY
1962 1992
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
FINAL FLIGHT OF
THE OWL

A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR!

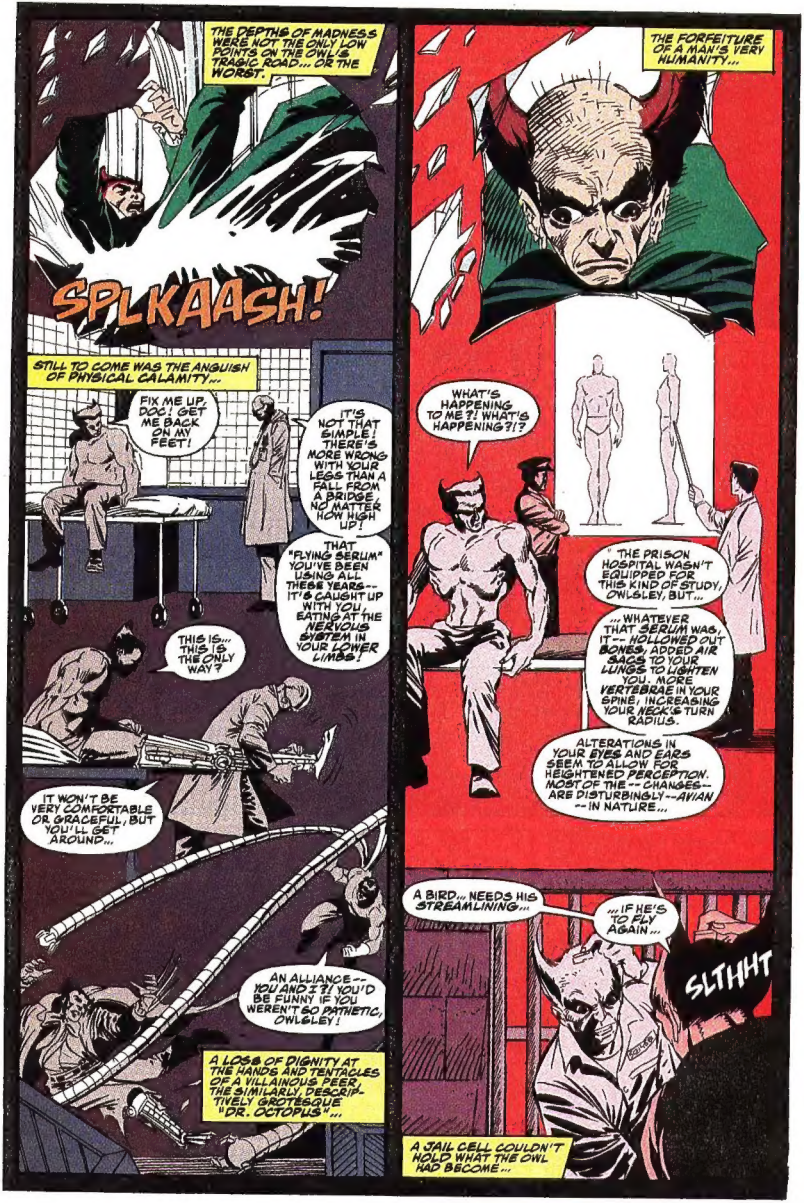
Stan Lee presents: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



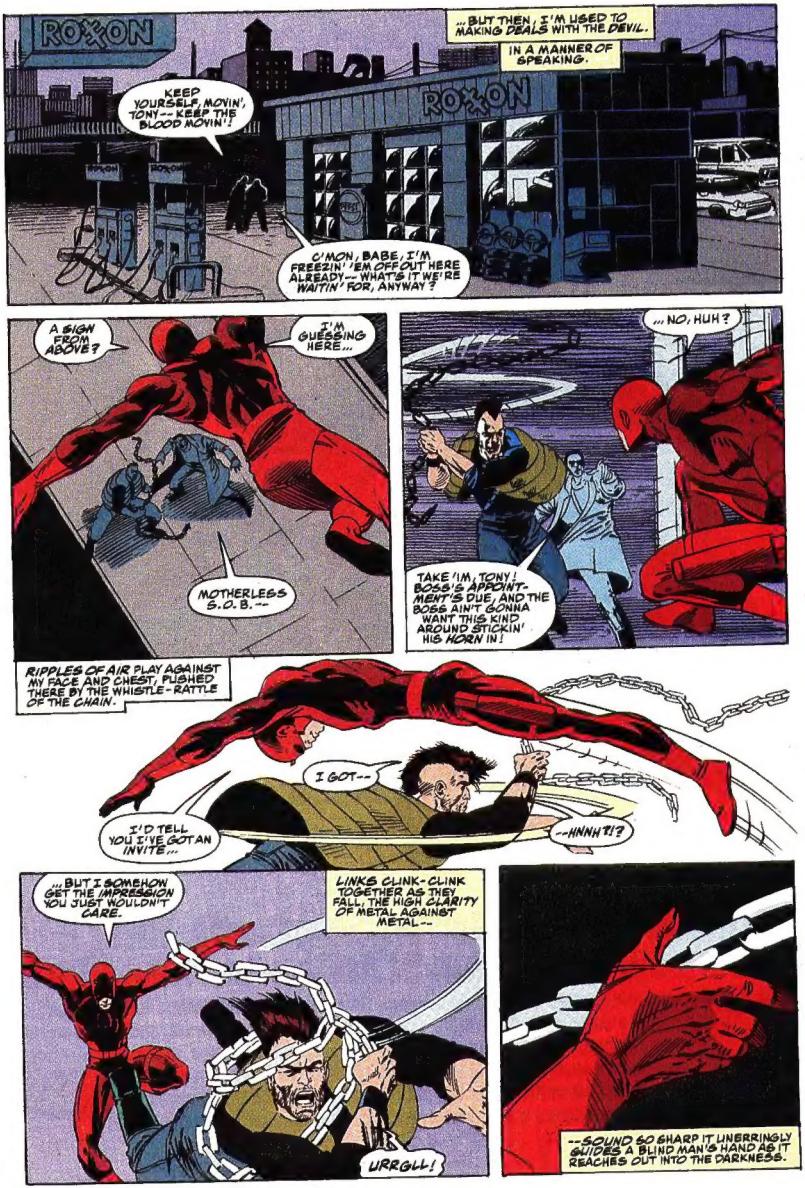
WRITER - D.G. CHICHESTER
PENCILER - M.C. WYMAN
INKER - CHRIS IVY
LETTERER - BILL OAKLEY
COLORIST - MAX SCHEELE
EDITOR - RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR IN CHIEF - TOM DEFALCO

DAREDEVIL® Vol. 1, No. 303, April, 1992. (ISSN# 0279-8271) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1992 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.50 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $15.00, Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. Foreign $27.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DAREDEVIL, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 9TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Printed in The U.S.A.**

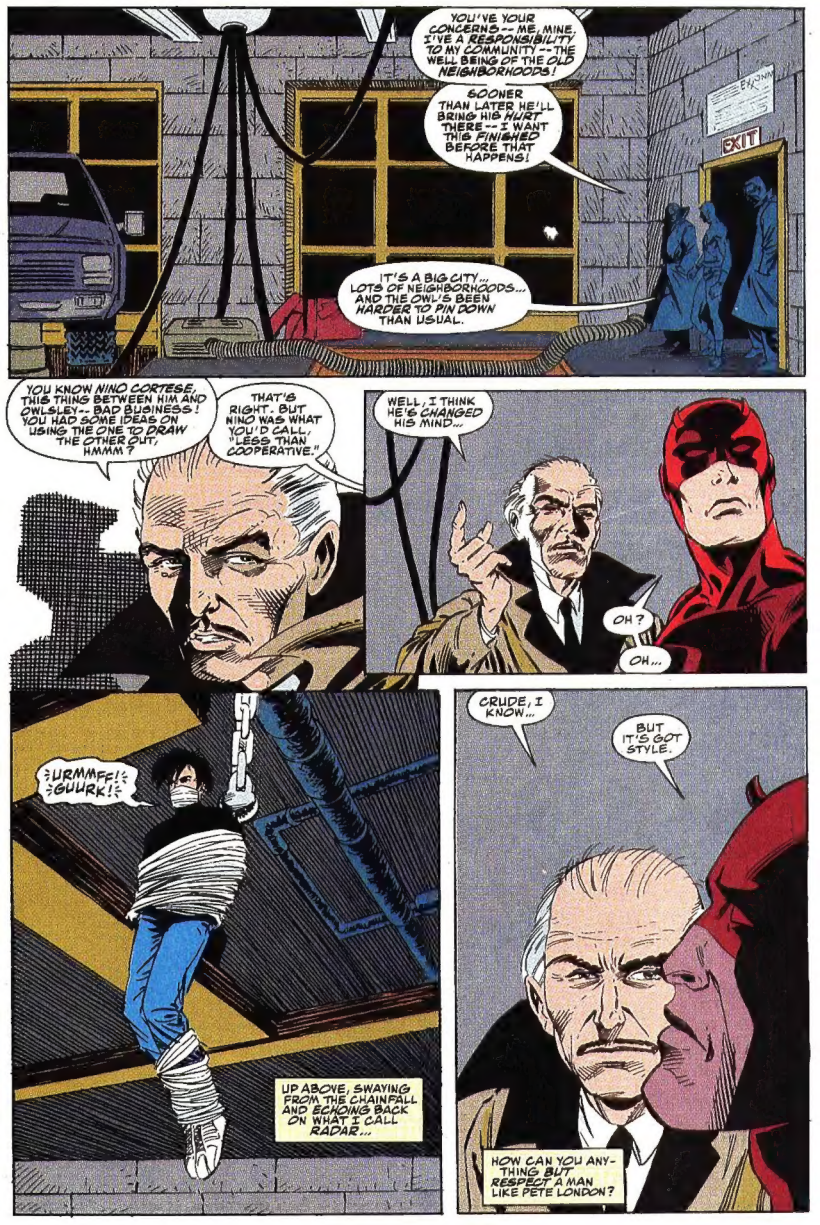
IT STARTED EASILY ENOUGH FOR THE FINANCIER.
MOST SEDUCTIONS DO.
THIS IS LAUNDERING MONEY, GENTLEMEN...
MOVIN' A NUMBER HERE, A NUMBER THERE, OWLSLEY--MR. OWLSLEY. THINK OF IT AS EARNIN' OUR GRATITUDE... NOT TO MENTION A COMMISSION!
WHO KNOWS? MIGHT BE YOU FIND YOU GOT YOURSELF AN APTITUDE FOR THIS LINE A "BUSINESS"...
F.B.I.!
LELAND OWLSLEY, WE HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST ON CHARGES OF--
OWLSLEY TOOK EASILY TO THE RUTHLESSNESS OF HIS VOCATION, FROM MOVING THE ODD NUMBER TO FRAMING AN ACCOUNTANT NAMED GEORGE GREY FOR THE CRIMES.
SHAME LED THE INNOCENT MAN TO END HIS OWN LIFE.
DAILY BUGLE
WALL ST. CRASH-- FINANCIER INDICTED
GREED DIRECTED THE IMMORAL BUSINESSMAN TO DO THE SAME...
...AFTER A FASHION.
WHAT WAS BORN FROM THE FIGURATIVE CORPSE OF LELAND OWLSLEY NOW ANSWERED ONLY TO THE TITLE OF "THE OWL"--
YOU HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO PAY MY PRICE, NONE OF YOU!
--PROCLAIMING ITSELF A "CRIME LORD," BRUTALIZED NEW YORKERS WERE FORCED INTO RESPECTING OUT OF FEAR.
BUT IN THOSE DAYS, THE CITY TRULY WORSHIPED ONLY ONE WICKED ICON, A BRAVEN IMAGE TO VICE APTLY NAMED THE KINGPIN...
...AND THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WE COULD NEVER ASCEND TO THOSE INFERNAL HEIGHTS BEGAN TO DRIVE THE CORRUPT RAPTOR INSANE WITH JEALOUSY.

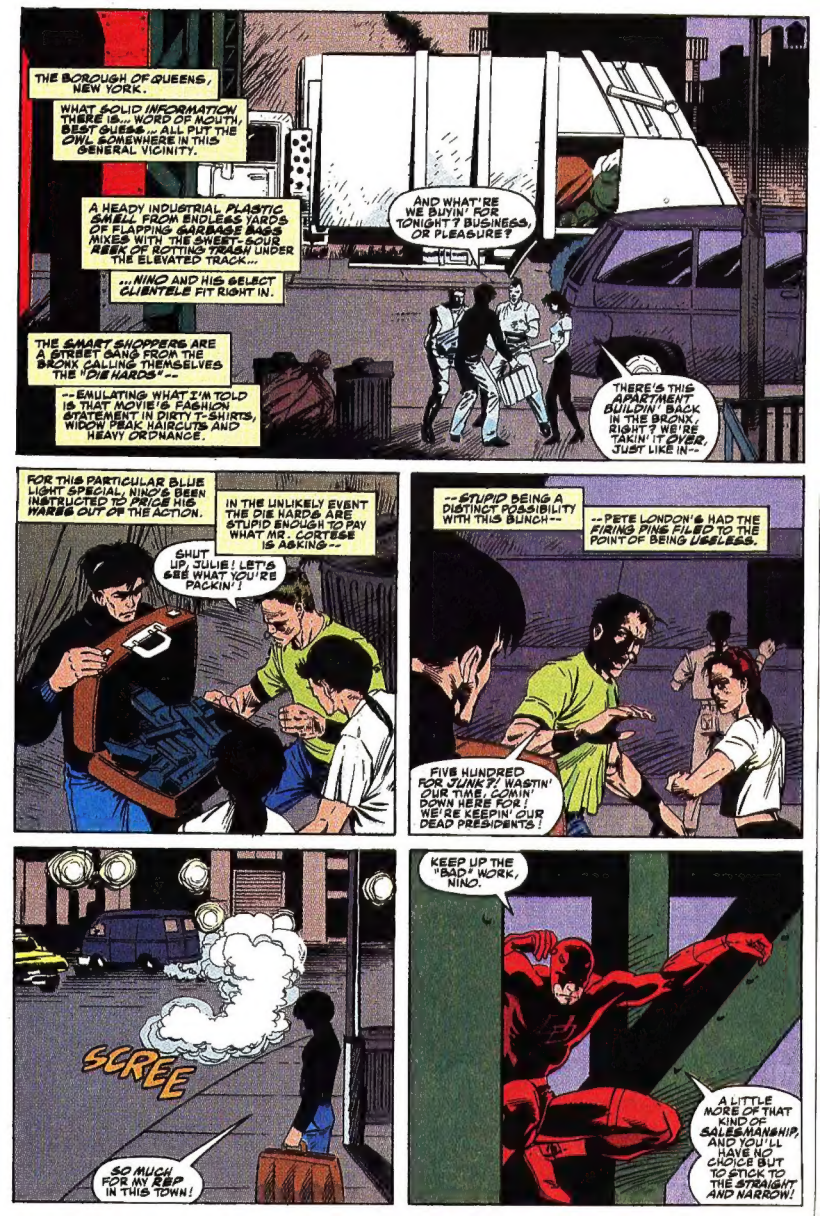

THE DEPTHS OF MADNESS WERE NOT THE ONLY LOW POINTS ON THE OWL'S TRAGIC ROAD... OR THE WORST.
SPLKAASH!
STILL TO COME WAS THE ANGUISH OF PHYSICAL CALAMITY...
FIX ME UP, DOC! GET ME BACK ON MY FEET!
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE! THERE'S MORE WRONG WITH YOUR LEGS THAN A FALL FROM A BRIDGE, NO MATTER HOW HIGH UP!
THAT "FLYING" SERUM" YOU'VE BEEN USING ALL THESE YEARS -- IT'S CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, EATING AT THE NERVOUS SYSTEM IN YOUR LOWER LIMBS!
THIS IS... THIS IS THE ONLY WAY?
IT WON'T BE VERY COMFORTABLE OR GRACEFUL, BUT YOU'LL GET AROUND...
AN ALLIANCE -- YOU AND I?! YOU'D BE FUNNY IF YOU WEREN'T SO PATHETIC, OWLSLEY!
A LOSS OF DIGNITY AT THE HANDS AND TENTACLES OF A VILLAINOUS PEER, THE SIMILARLY, DESCRIPTIVELY GROTESQUE "DR. OCTOPUS"...
THE FORFEITURE OF A MAN'S VERY HUMANITY...
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!?
"THE PRISON HOSPITAL WASN'T EQUIPPED FOR THIS KIND OF STUDY, OWLSLEY, BUT...
... WHATEVER THAT SERUM WAS, IT -- HOLLOWED OUT BONES, ADDED AIR SACS TO YOUR LUNGS TO LIGHTEN YOU, MORE VERTEBRAE IN YOUR SPINE, INCREASING YOUR NECK'S TURN RADIUS.
ALTERATIONS IN YOUR EYES AND EARS SEEM TO ALLOW FOR HEIGHTENED PERCEPTION. MOST OF THE -- CHANGES -- ARE DISTURBINGLY -- AVIAN -- IN NATURE...
A BIRD... NEEDS HIS STREAMLINING...
... IF HE'S TO FLY AGAIN...
SLTHHT
A JAIL CELL COULDN'T HOLD WHAT THE OWL HAD BECOME...

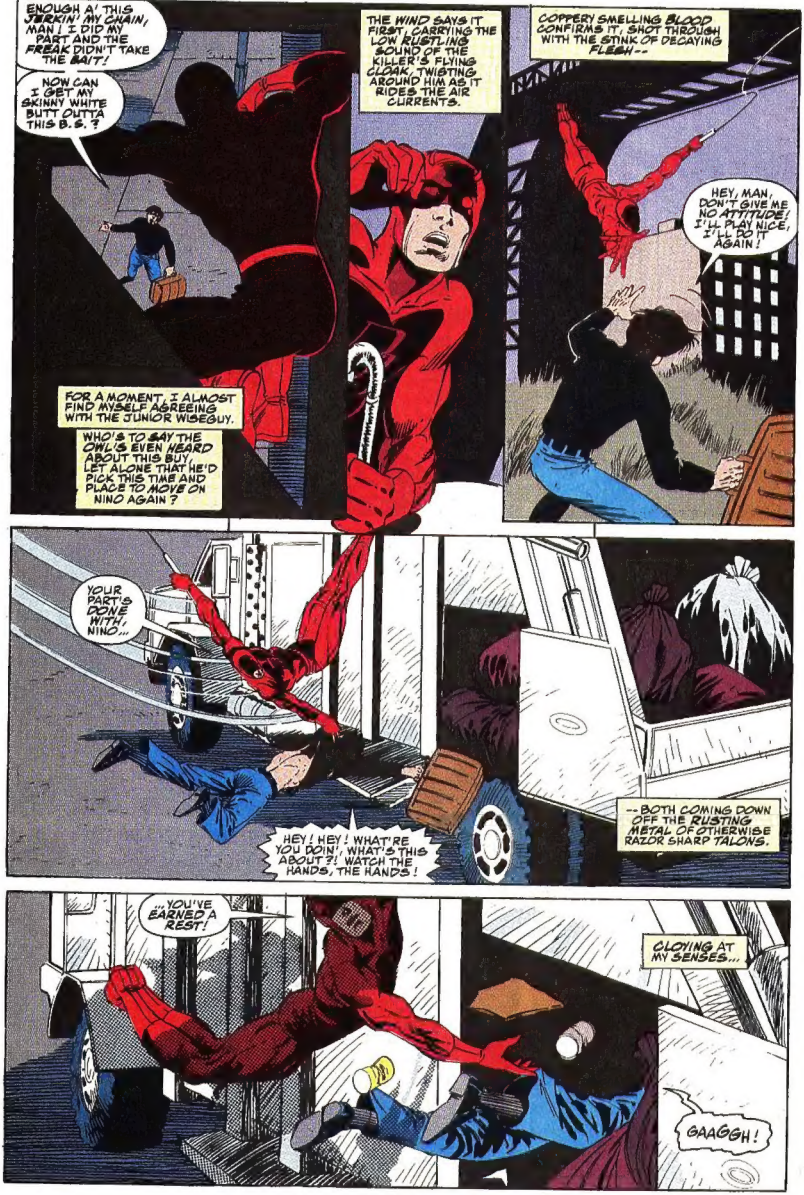
...AND A CITY HE ONCE ARROGANTLY CLAIMED AS HIS OWN MAY HAVE NO ROOM FOR HIM, EITHER.
A MAKESHIFT AERIE IN THE GIRDERS OF AN ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE, A STASH FOR THE ILLICIT GOODS SEIZED FROM THE NOW LEADERLESS MINIONS OF THE HATED KINGPIN--
--DEPOSED IN THE RAPTOR'S ABSENCE--
--THE PLUNDER MEANS FOR THE OWL TO REBUILD.
BUT TEARING AT THE FRAGMENTS OF HIS HATED IMAGE, THE DREAD QUESTION TEARS AT HIM... IS IT SO MUCH THAT HE WANTS TO RECLAIM WHAT PASSES FOR THE LIFE OF A CRIMINAL BOSS?
OR IS HE JUST GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS BECAUSE HE FEARS HE'S LOST THE CHANCE FOR ANYTHING ELSE?
SHKAATR
GLITTERING SHARDS SHATTER IN THE NIGHT AIR, SHARPENED SLIVERS FLYING UP AND CUTTING DEEP INTO LELAND OWLSLEY'S COLD FLESH.
CUTTING SO VERY, VERY DEEP.
I'M NOT SURE WHAT'S MORE SOOTHING...
... THE SOFT WARMTH OF THE HEADPHONE CUSHIONS AGAINST MY HYPER-SENSITIVE EARS...
... OR THE TRILLING RHYTHM OF MY PARTNER FOGGY'S SNORES AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS WHAT'S RAPIDLY BECOMING OUR LAW OFFICES.
THE MACHINE DRONE OF THE SPEAKING LAGS BEHIND WHAT MY FINGERTIPS COULD "READ" IN THE HOT-COLD PHOSPHOR LETTERFORMS ON SCREEN--
ZZZZZZ
--BUT THE HEADPHONES REMAIN A NECESSARY CONCESSION TO APPEARANCE AND HIDDEN DUAL IDENTITY. MR. NELSON'S EXHAUSTION IS REAL ENOUGH, HOWEVER.
BETWEEN SETTING UP SHOP HERE AND PREPPING A CASE AGAINST A LONG ISLAND CITY MAN BREEDING WOLF HYBRIDS ON ROOFTOPS, THERE'VE BEEN PLENTY OF LONG HOURS TO GO AROUND.
ZZZZZZ
PLEASANT DREAMS, FRANKLIN...
ZZRKZZ
AND TOO MANY OF THOSE TOWARD COMBATING THE OWL'S RECENT CARNAGE.
...'CAUSE IT'S BACK TO BIG, BAD CITY LIFE WHEN YOU OPEN YOUR EYES!
I'LL PROBABLY HATE MYSELF IN THE MORNING...
INFO OFF ELECTRONIC BULLETIN BOARDS HELPED ME MAP OUT WHERE HE MIGHT BE LAYING LOW--OR, IN HIS CASE, HIGH--IN THE CITY...
...AND I'M COUNTING ON AN UNEXPECTED OFFER OF ASSISTANCE TO NARROW THAT SEARCH EVEN FURTHER.
...NAAAH!
CONSIDERING THE SOURCE, IT STANDS TO REASON THAT THIS SPIRIT OF COOPERATION WILL CARRY A PRICE...

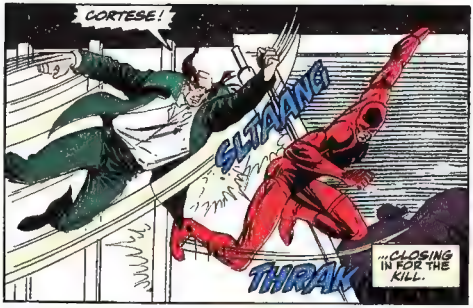

ROXON
...BUT THEN, I'M USED TO MAKING DEALS WITH THE DEVIL.
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.
KEEP YOURSELF MOVIN', TONY--KEEP THE BLOOD MOVIN'!
C'MON, BABE, I'M FREEZIN' 'EM OFF OUT HERE ALREADY--WHAT'S IT WE'RE WAITIN' FOR, ANYWAY?
A SIGN FROM ABOVE?
I'M GUESSING HERE...
MOTHERLESS S.O.B.--
...NO, HUH?
TAKE 'IM, TONY! BOSS'S APPOINTMENT'S DUE, AND THE BOSS AIN'T GONNA WANT THIS KIND AROUND STICKIN' HIS HORN IN!
RIPPLES OF AIR PLAY AGAINST MY FACE AND CHEST, PUSHED THERE BY THE WHISTLE-RATTLE OF THE CHAIN.
I GOT--
I'D TELL YOU I'VE GOT AN INVITE...
--HNNH?!
...BUT I SOMEHOW GET THE IMPRESSION YOU JUST WOULDN'T CARE.
LINKS CLINK-CLINK TOGETHER AS THEY FALL. THE HIGH CLARITY OF METAL AGAINST METAL--
URRGLL!
--SOUND SO SHARP IT UNERRINGLY GUIDES A BLIND MAN'S HAND AS IT REACHES OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.

MUSCLE AND MOMENTUM BRING THE CHAIN-TANGLED TONY UP AND OVER BEFORE PUTTING HIM DOWN...
THRAAK
...EVEN AS RANK SWEAT AND A MACHINE GUNNING HEART-BEAT MAKES CLEAR THE OVER-THE-EDGE INTENTIONS OF THE OTHER ONE.
HAD YOUR FUN, HORNHEAD? NOW I GET TO HAVE MINE!
A DOZEN WAYS SUGGEST THEMSELVES AS TO RUINING BABE'S GOOD TIME...
...BUT IT'S THE METHODIC CLICK-SNAP OF A NAIL CLIPPER AT WORK THAT FINALLY DOES THE TRICK.
YOU'RE BEING RUDE TO MY GUEST, BABE.
YOU COULDN'T CALL PETE LONDON A GANGSTER.
FIRST OFF, THERE'S NOTHING CONSTITUTING REAL PROOF SUPPORTING THAT SUPPOSITION.
MORE IMPORTANTLY, SUCH A CRUDE ASSESSMENT WOULD BE NOTHING SHORT OF DISRESPECTFUL.
I DIDN'T... PETE... I MEAN, I THOUGHT YOUR APPOINTMENT WOULD BE WITH...
APOLOGIZE.
...SORRY.
KLK-SNIP
THANK YOU FOR COMING, DAREDEVIL.
AND IF THERE'S ONE THING PETE LONDON IS, IT'S A MAN OF RESPECT.
LET'S TALK ABOUT OUR PROBLEM.
OUR PROBLEM?
THIS OWL&LEY, HE'S A RADICAL--A BAD ELEMENT. WE BOTH DON'T WANT WHAT HE'S ABOUT--THIS VIOLENCE... THIS KILLING... NO ONE'S SAFE!

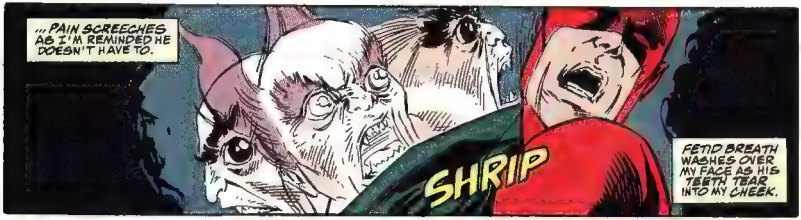

YOU'VE YOUR CONCERNS -- ME, MINE. I'VE A RESPONSIBILITY TO MY COMMUNITY -- THE WELL BEING OF THE OLD NEIGHBORHOODS!
SOONER THAN LATER HE'LL BRING HIS HURT THERE -- I WANT THIS FINISHED BEFORE THAT HAPPENS!
EXIT
IT'S A BIG CITY... LOTS OF NEIGHBORHOODS... AND THE OWL'S BEEN HARDER TO PIN DOWN THAN USUAL.
YOU KNOW NINO CORTESE, THIS THING BETWEEN HIM AND OWLSLEY -- BAD BUSINESS! YOU HAD SOME IDEAS ON USING THE ONE TO DRAW THE OTHER OUT, HMMM?
THAT'S RIGHT. BUT NINO WAS WHAT YOU'D CALL, "LESS THAN COOPERATIVE."
WELL, I THINK HE'S CHANGED HIS MIND...
OH?
OH...
:URMMFF!: :GUURK!:
UP ABOVE, SWAYING FROM THE CHAINFALL AND ECHOING BACK ON WHAT I CALL RADAR...
CRUDE, I KNOW...
BUT IT'S GOT STYLE.
HOW CAN YOU ANY-THING BUT RESPECT A MAN LIKE PETE LONDON?


THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS, NEW YORK.
WHAT SOLID INFORMATION THERE IS... WORD OF MOUTH, BEST GUESS... ALL PUT THE OWL SOMEWHERE IN THIS GENERAL VICINITY.
A HEADY INDUSTRIAL PLASTIC SMELL FROM ENDLESS YARDS OF FLAPPING GARBAGE BAGS MIXES WITH THE SWEET-SOUR REEK OF ROTTING TRASH UNDER THE ELEVATED TRACK...
...NINO AND HIS SELECT CLIENTELE FIT RIGHT IN.
AND WHAT'RE WE BUYIN' FOR TONIGHT? BUSINESS, OR PLEASURE?
THERE'S THIS APARTMENT BUILDIN' BACK IN THE BRONX, RIGHT? WE'RE TAKIN' IT OVER, JUST LIKE IN--
THE SMART SHOPPERS ARE A STREET GANG FROM THE BRONX CALLING THEMSELVES THE "DIE HARDS"--
--EMULATING WHAT I'M TOLD IS THAT MOVIE'S FASHION STATEMENT: IN DIRTY T-SHIRTS, WIDOW PEAK HAIRCUTS AND HEAVY ORDNANCE.
FOR THIS PARTICULAR BLUE LIGHT SPECIAL, NINO'S BEEN INSTRUCTED TO PRICE HIS WARES OUT OF THE ACTION.
IN THE UNLIKELY EVENT THE DIE HARDS ARE STUPID ENOUGH TO PAY WHAT MR. CORTESE IS ASKING--
SHUT UP, JULIE! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE PACKIN'!
--STUPID BEING A DISTINCT POSSIBILITY WITH THIS BUNCH--
--PETE LONDON'S HAD THE FIRING PINS FILED TO THE POINT OF BEING USELESS.
FIVE HUNDRED FOR JUNK?! WASTIN' OUR TIME, COMIN' DOWN HERE FOR! WE'RE KEEPIN' OUR DEAD PRESIDENTS!
SCREE
SO MUCH FOR MY REP IN THIS TOWN!
KEEP UP THE "BAD" WORK, NINO.
A LITTLE MORE OF THAT KIND OF SALESMANSHIP, AND YOU'LL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO STICK TO THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW!


ENOUGH A' THIS JERKIN' MY CHAIN, MAN! I DID MY PART AND THE FREAK DIDN'T TAKE THE BAIT!
NOW CAN I GET MY SKINNY WHITE BUTT OUTTA THIS B.S.?
FOR A MOMENT, I ALMOST FIND MYSELF AGREEING WITH THE JUNIOR WISEGUY.
WHO'S TO SAY THE OWL'S EVEN HEARD ABOUT THIS BUY LET ALONE THAT HE'D PICK THIS TIME AND PLACE TO MOVE ON NINO AGAIN?
THE WIND SAYS IT FIRST, CARRYING THE LOW RUSTLING SOUND OF THE KILLER'S FLYING CLOAK, TWISTING AROUND HIM AS IT RIDES THE AIR CURRENTS.
COPPERY SMELLING BLOOD CONFIRMS IT, SHOT THROUGH WITH THE STINK OF DECAYING FLESH--
HEY, MAN, DON'T GIVE ME NO ATTITUDE! I'LL PLAY NICE, I'LL DO IT AGAIN!
YOUR PART'S DONE WITH, NINO...
HEY! HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?! WATCH THE HANDS, THE HANDS!
--BOTH COMING DOWN OFF THE RUSTING METAL OF OTHERWISE RAZOR SHARP TALONS.
...YOU'VE EARNED A REST!
CLOYING AT MY SENSES...
GAAGGH!


CORTESE!
SLIYANG!
THRAK
...CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL.

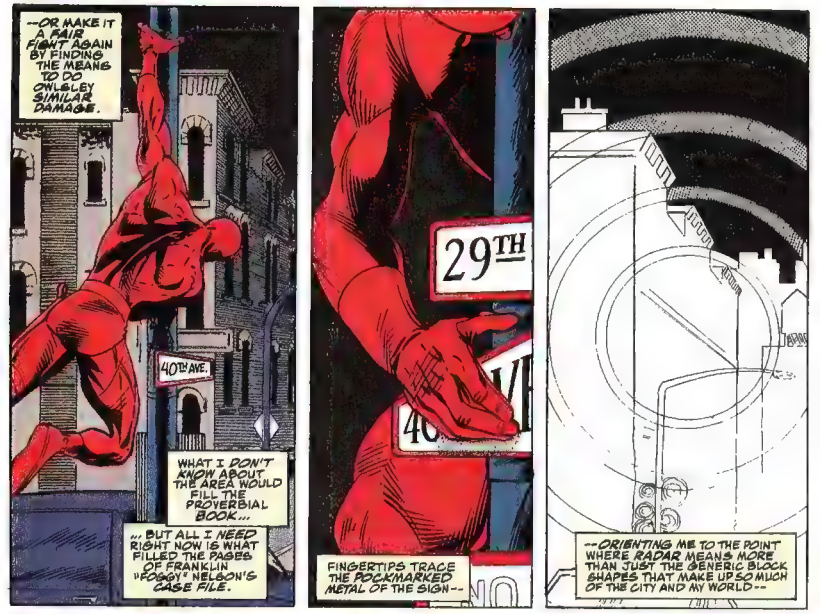
HE'S MINE, DAREDEVIL--YOU'VE NO RIGHT--
OVERCONFIDENCE REIGNS AS I PUT HIM IN A HOLD I KNOW HE CAN'T BREAK...
ARGUE RIGHT AND WRONG WITH ME, OWL, AND YOU'RE BOUND TO COME UP SHORT!


...PAIN SCREECHES AS I'M REMINDED HE DOESN'T HAVE TO.
SHRIP
FETID BREATH WASHES OVER MY FACE AS HIS TEETH TEAR INTO MY CHEEK.

EVEN AS I'M PULLING BACK--

--HE PRESSES FORWARD.
SLAASH

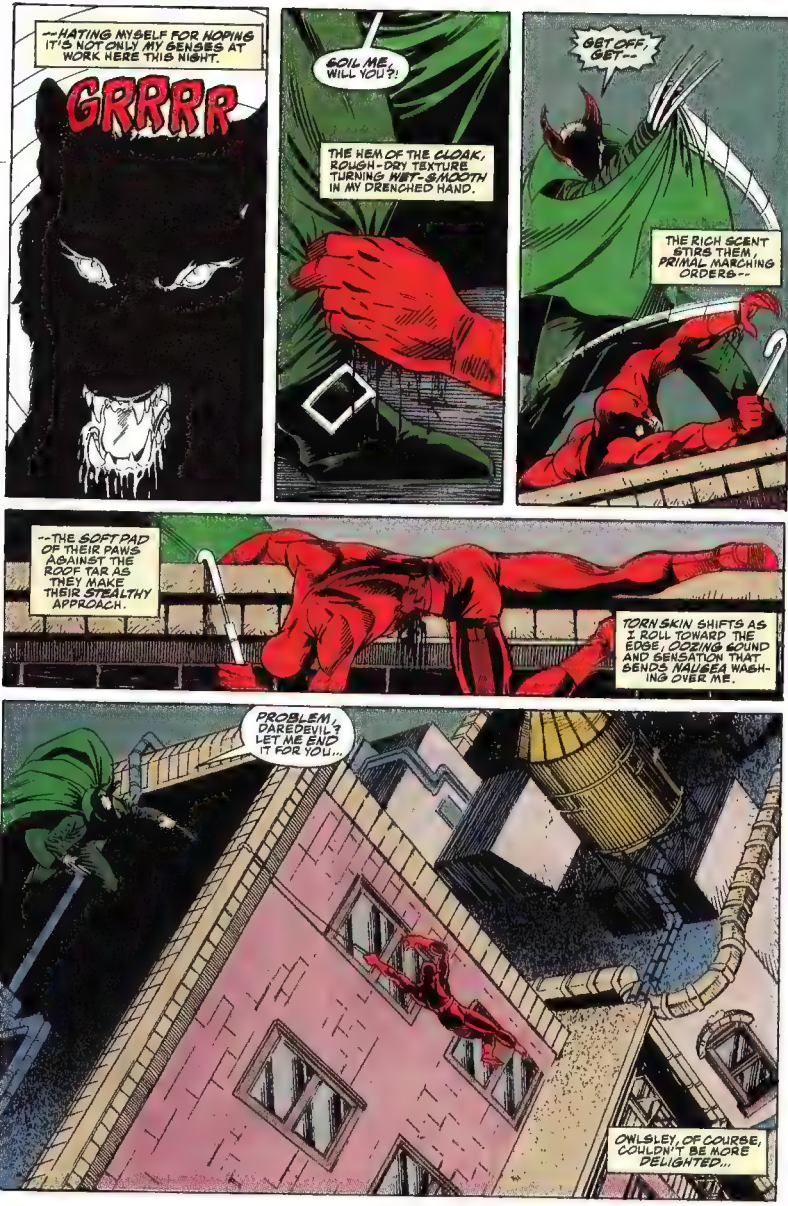
YOU'VE DOGGED ME, VIGILANTE--NOW COME TO HEEL!
WHITE HOT ARCS OF AGONY SPREAD THEIR WAY OUT FROM MY CHEST, SETTING LIMBS TO TREMBLE UNCONTROLLABLY.
40TH AVE.
MY ONLY CHOICE--
--ONLY CHANCE--
--IS EITHER ESCAPE COMPLETELY--


--OR MAKE IT A FAIR FIGHT AGAIN BY FINDING THE MEANS TO DO ON-LEGLEY SIMILAR DAMAGE.
40TH AVE.
WHAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE AREA WOULD FILL THE PROVERBIAL BOOK...
... BUT ALL I NEED RIGHT NOW IS WHAT FILLED THE PAGES OF FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON'S CASE FILE.
29TH
FINGERTIPS TRACE THE POCKMARKED METAL OF THE SIGN--
--ORIENTING ME TO THE POINT WHERE RADAR MEANS MORE THAN JUST THE GENERIC BLOCK SHAPES THAT MAKE UP SO MUCH OF THE CITY AND MY WORLD--

SHRZAAK!
--GRANTING ME A MOMENTARY SENSE OF DIRECTION.

I'M IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD--

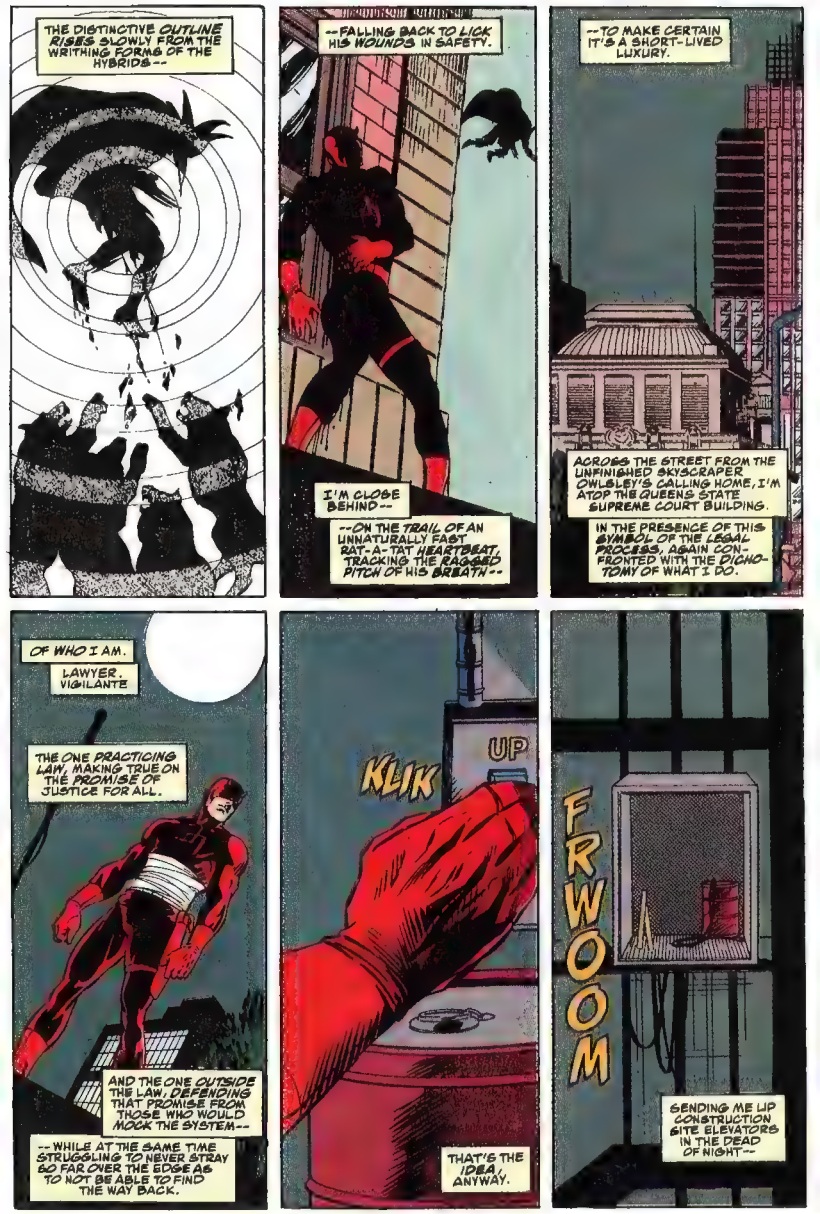
--LEAVING A TRAIL OF WARM RED HE'LL FIND EASY TO FOLLOW.
AND HE'LL BE WANTING MORE.
THERE'S ALMOST NOTHING SAID, NO CLEVER PATTER--
--THERE BEING LITTLE PLACE FOR IT IN THIS RAGE OF LIFE AND DEATH--
YOU'D WRITTEN ME OFF, DAREDEVIL -- JUST LIKE ALL THE REST--
BLOOD FLOODS MY MOUTH AND NOSE--
--MY BLOOD--
--I'LL WRITE THAT ON YOUR GRAVESTONE!
--GAGGING ON ITS THICK TASTE AND ODOR--

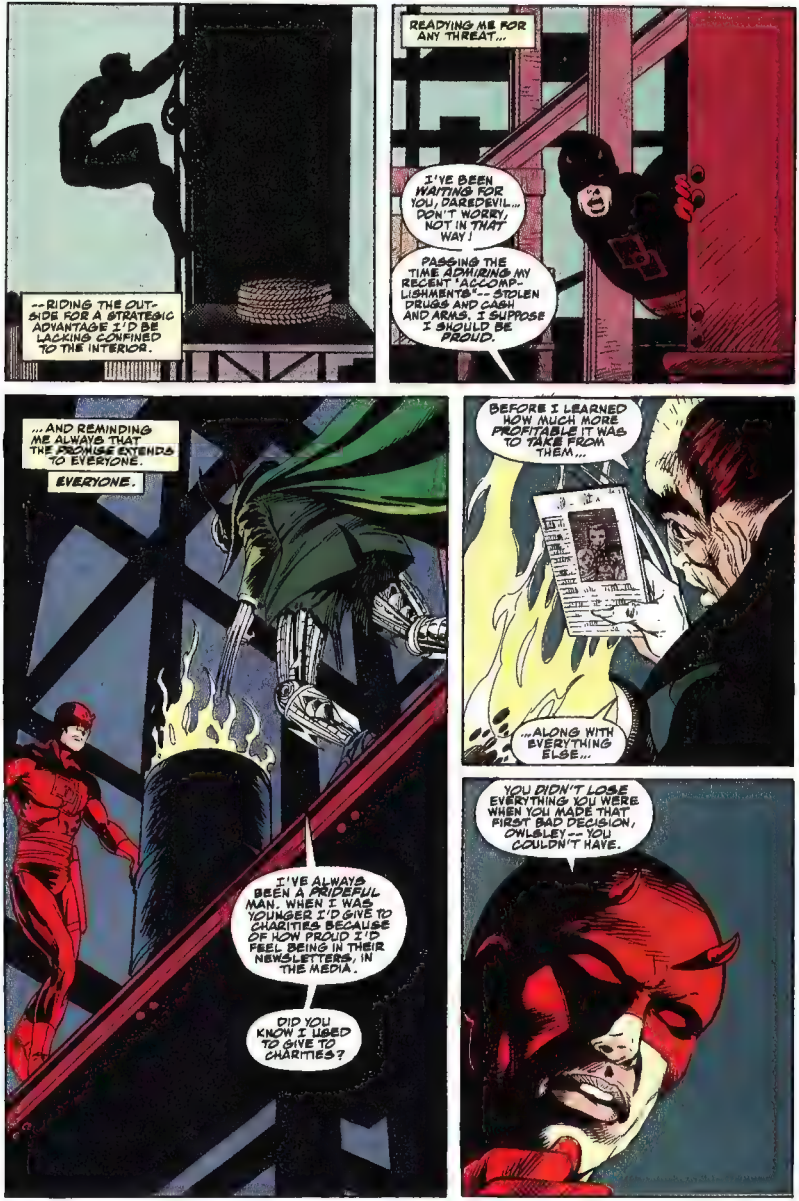

--HATING MYSELF FOR HOPING IT'S NOT ONLY MY SENSES AT WORK HERE THIS NIGHT.
GRRRR
FOIL ME, WILL YOU?!
THE HEM OF THE CLOAK, ROUGH-DRY TEXTURE TURNING WET-SMOOTH IN MY DRENCHED HAND.
GET OFF, GET--
THE RICH SCENT STIRS THEM, PRIMAL MARCHING ORDERS--
--THE SOFT PAD OF THEIR PAWS AGAINST THE ROOF TAR AS THEY MAKE THEIR STEALTHY APPROACH.
TORN SKIN SHIFTS AS I ROLL TOWARD THE EDGE, OOZING SOUND AND SENSATION THAT BENDS NAUSEA WASHING OVER ME.
PROBLEM, DAREDEVIL? LET ME END IT FOR YOU...
OWLSLEY, OF COURSE, COULDN'T BE MORE DELIGHTED...

GGRRRARR
WHAT--?
...OR, FOR THAT MATTER, DUPED.
HUNGRY FOR THE BLOOD SATURATING HIS CLOAK, THE HYBRIDS LAUNCH THEMSELVES AT OWLSLEY QUICKLY--

--THE WOLF-GERMAN SHEPHERD HALFBREEDS' SALIVA DRIPPING, SPARKING THE MECHANICS OF HIS LEGS' EXOSKELETON.
AN ACRID WHIFF OF OZONE, THE DRAWN OUT NOISE OF FABRIC SHREDDING, THE HYBRIDS' HOWLS COMPETING WITH THOSE COMING FROM THE OWL--

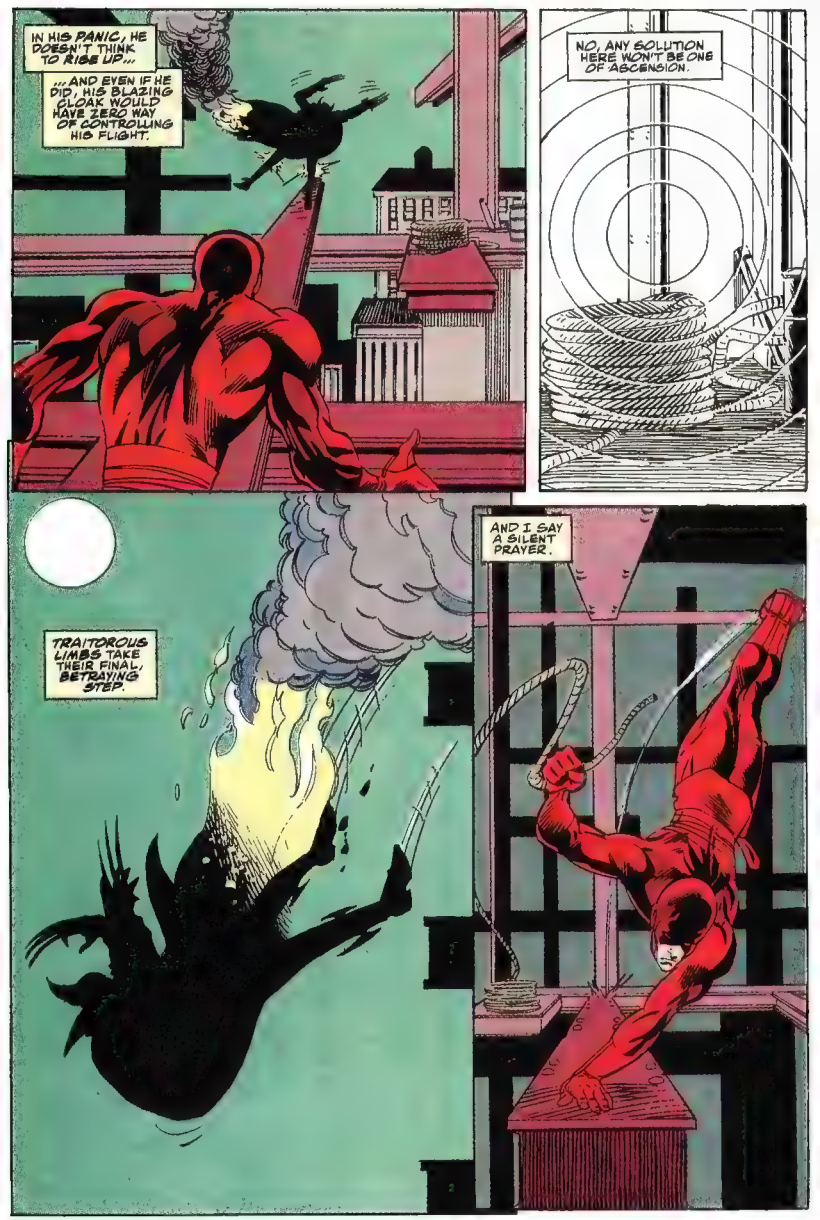
--A MAELSTROM OF PERCEPTION THAT MAKES IT HELLISHLY CLEAR WE'RE BACK ON EQUAL TERMS.

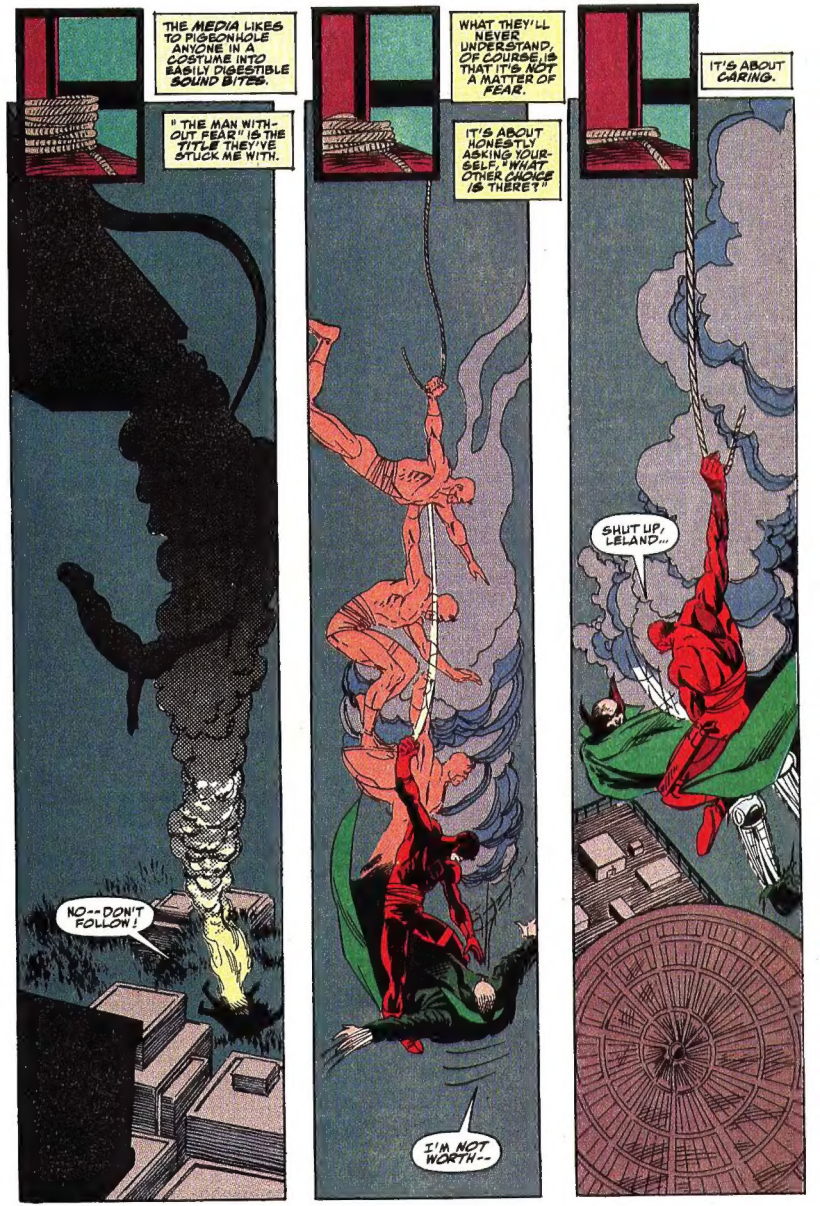

THE DISTINCTIVE OUTLINE RISES SLOWLY FROM THE WRITHING FORMS OF THE HYBRIDS--
--FALLING BACK TO LICK HIS WOUNDS IN SAFETY.
I'M CLOSE BEHIND--
--ON THE TRAIL OF AN UNNATURALLY FAST RAT-A-TAT HEARTBEAT, TRACKING THE RAGGED PITCH OF HIS BREATH--
--TO MAKE CERTAIN IT'S A SHORT-LIVED LUXURY.
ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE UNFINISHED SKYSCRAPER OWLSLEY'S CALLING HOME, I'M ATOP THE QUEENS STATE SUPREME COURT BUILDING.
IN THE PRESENCE OF THIS SYMBOL OF THE LEGAL PROCESS, AGAIN CONFRONTED WITH THE DICHOTOMY OF WHAT I DO.
OF WHO I AM.
LAWYER. VIGILANTE
THE ONE PRACTICING LAW, MAKING TRUE ON THE PROMISE OF JUSTICE FOR ALL.
AND THE ONE OUTSIDE THE LAW, DEFENDING THAT PROMISE FROM THOSE WHO WOULD MOCK THE SYSTEM--
-- WHILE AT THE SAME TIME STRUGGLING TO NEVER STRAY SO FAR OVER THE EDGE AS TO NOT BE ABLE TO FIND THE WAY BACK.
KLIK
UP
THAT'S THE IDEA, ANYWAY.
FRWOOM
SENDING ME UP CONSTRUCTION SITE ELEVATORS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT--


--RIDING THE OUTSIDE FOR A STRATEGIC ADVANTAGE I'D BE LACKING CONFINED TO THE INTERIOR.
READYING ME FOR ANY THREAT...
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL... DON'T WORRY, NOT IN THAT WAY!
PASSING THE TIME ADMIRING MY RECENT 'ACCOMPLISHMENTS'-- STOLEN DRUGS AND CASH AND ARMS. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE PROUD.
...AND REMINDING ME ALWAYS THAT THE PROMISE EXTENDS TO EVERYONE.
EVERYONE.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A PRIDEFUL MAN. WHEN I WAS YOUNGER I'D GIVE TO CHARITIES BECAUSE OF HOW PROUD I'D FEEL BEING IN THEIR NEWSLETTERS, IN THE MEDIA.
DID YOU KNOW I USED TO GIVE TO CHARITIES?
BEFORE I LEARNED HOW MUCH MORE PROFITABLE IT WAS TO TAKE FROM THEM...
...ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE...
YOU DIDN'T LOSE EVERYTHING YOU WERE WHEN YOU MADE THAT FIRST BAD DECISION, OWLSLEY-- YOU COULDN'T HAVE.

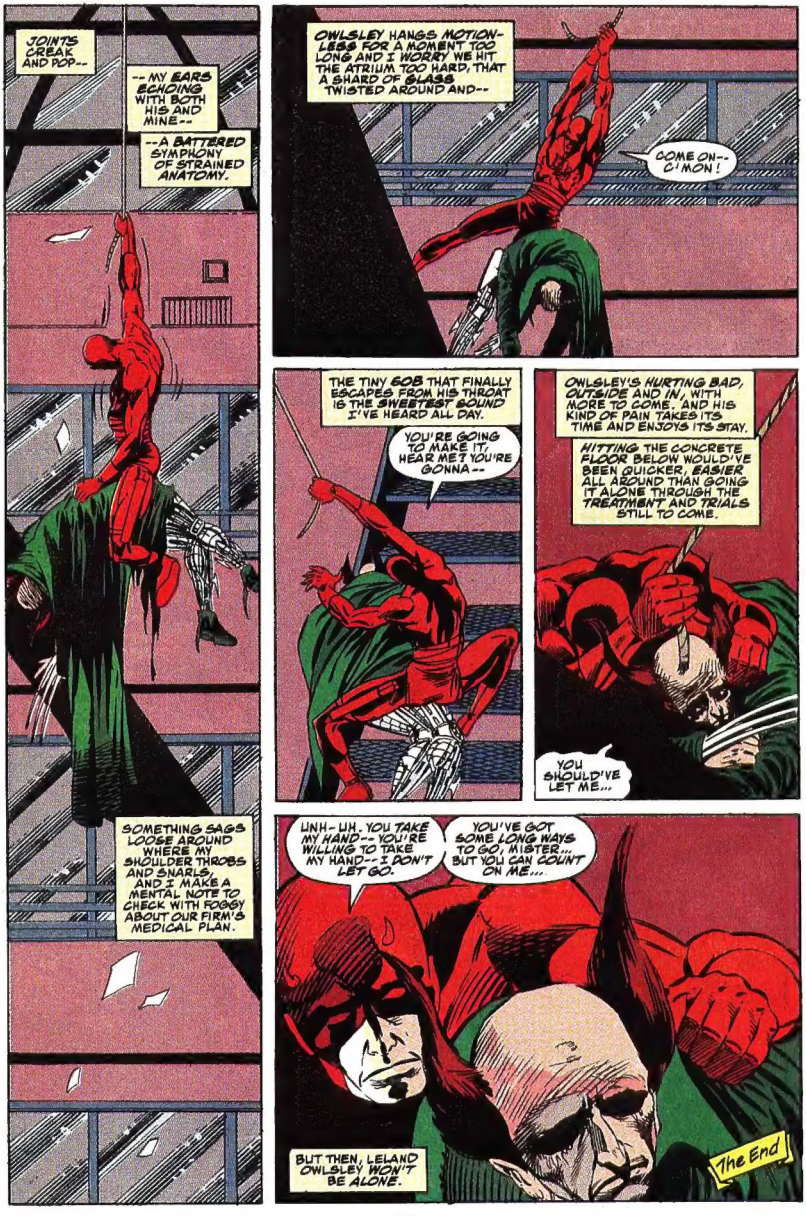
ANY GOOD DONE WAS TOO LITTLE AND TOO LONG AGO! THEY'LL NEVER FORGIVE!
AND WITH WHAT I'VE -- BECOME -- I'VE NO MORE CHOICES, ANYWAY!
I'M NOT SAYING THERE AREN'T CRIMES TO PAY FOR... BUT THE LAW'S NOT THERE FOR UTTER CONDEMNATION, NOT IF SOMEONE WANTS SOMETHING BETTER.
WHAT'RE YOU SUGGESTING? "REHABILITATION"?
IF YOU'RE WILLING, LELAND.
AND, IF YOU WANT... REDEMPTION.
SOMETIMES I THINK I NEVER WANTED IT LIKE THIS... BUT IT WAS SO EASY FOR ME! AND I WAS GOOD AT IT -- TIMES CHANGE, I SUPPOSE...
PEOPLE CAN, TOO.
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... MAYBE...
HE REACHES FOR THE HAND I OFFER, GEARS IN HIS LEG MECHANISMS GRINDING TO CARRY HIM FORWARD--
AAAG!
-- BEFORE SUDDENLY WHINING-CRACKLING TO THE TUNE OF OVERLOAD.
KRZZK

OWLSLEY, WHAT'S--?!?
MY LEGS! I CAN'T CONTROL--
THE BRACES TWIST WILDLY, THROWING HIM OFF BALANCE.
SOMETHING TREASURED CLATTERS AGAINST THE RIM OF THE DRUM, LOST TO THE FLAMES.
SOOT ON MY TONGUE, GRITTY AGAINST MY SKIN AS HIS CLOTHES CATCH FIRE.
FWOOSH
AAH! I CAN'T PUT IT OUT!
LELAND!
DAMAGED LIMBS CRY OUT WITH METALLIC SHRIEKS, LURCHING AGAIN TO CARRY HIM TO THE EDGE.


IN HIS PANIC, HE DOESN'T THINK TO RISE UP...
...AND EVEN IF HE DID, HIS BLAZING CLOAK WOULD HAVE ZERO WAY OF CONTROLLING HIS FLIGHT.
NO, ANY SOLUTION HERE WON'T BE ONE OF ASCENSION.
TRAITOROUS LIMBS TAKE THEIR FINAL, BETRAYING STEP.
AND I SAY A SILENT PRAYER.


THE MEDIA LIKES TO PIGEONHOLE ANYONE IN A COSTUME INTO EASILY DIGESTIBLE SOUND BITES.
"THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR" IS THE TITLE THEY'VE STUCK ME WITH.
NO--DON'T FOLLOW!
WHAT THEY'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE, IS THAT IT'S NOT A MATTER OF FEAR.
IT'S ABOUT HONESTLY ASKING YOURSELF, "WHAT OTHER CHOICE IS THERE?"
I'M NOT WORTH--
IT'S ABOUT CARING.
SHUT UP, LELAND...

JUSTICE FOR ALL.
"...AND SHIT YOUR TEETH FOR BOTH OF US!


JOINTS CREAK AND POP--
--MY EARS ECHOING WITH BOTH HIS AND MINE--
--A BATTERED SYMPHONY OF STRAINED ANATOMY.
SOMETHING SAGS LOOSE AROUND WHERE MY SHOULDER THROBS AND SNARLS, AND I MAKE A MENTAL NOTE TO CHECK WITH FOGGY ABOUT OUR FIRM'S MEDICAL PLAN.
OWLSLEY HANGS MOTIONLESS FOR A MOMENT TOO LONG AND I WORRY WE HIT THE ATRIUM TOO HARD, THAT A SHARD OF GLASS TWISTED AROUND AND--
COME ON-- C'MON!
THE TINY SOB THAT FINALLY ESCAPES FROM HIS THROAT IS THE SWEETEST SOUND I'VE HEARD ALL DAY.
YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE IT, HEAR ME? YOU'RE GONNA--
OWLSLEY'S HURTING BAD, OUTSIDE AND IN, WITH MORE TO COME. AND HIS KIND OF PAIN TAKES ITS TIME AND ENJOYS ITS STAY.
HITTING THE CONCRETE FLOOR BELOW WOULD'VE BEEN QUICKER, EASIER ALL AROUND THAN GOING IT ALONE THROUGH THE TREATMENT AND TRIALS STILL TO COME.
YOU SHOULD'VE LET ME...
UNH-UH. YOU TAKE MY HAND-- YOU'RE WILLING TO TAKE MY HAND-- I DON'T LET GO.
YOU'VE GOT SOME LONG WAYS TO GO, MISTER... BUT YOU CAN COUNT ON ME...
BUT THEN, LELAND OWLSLEY WON'T BE ALONE.
The End

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

RALPH MACCHIO: EDITOR — LEN KAMINSKI: ASSISTANT EDITOR
c/o MARVEL COMICS—387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH—NEW YORK, NEW YORK—10016

ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

Item: Lately, many of your letters have not been making it to our desk. Please address your letters clearly, and indicate on your envelopes which letters page you wish to see your letters appear. *Do not* write the editor's name on the envelope--just the letters page name, okay? Thank you for your support!

Dear Marvel,

Is there any character in the Marvel Universe who has suffered more than Matt Murdock? All right, maybe Tony Stark. Matt Murdock lost everything, but the odd thing is he became a better man because of it. The fact remains that he was a victim. The Kingpin stripped him of everything, especially his dignity. That is why issue #297 was great because Daredevil fought back. I know that in real life, good doesn't always triumph over evil. Hopefully this storyline will prove that every once in a while it does.

Frank Hinton
1619 5th St. Apt.#B
Concord, CA 94519

If you thought part one of "Last Rites" was good, then we're pretty sure you were satisfied with issue #300! The Kingpin has fallen, and like Daredevil, it will take him a long time to recover--if he ever does!!!

Dear Devil's Advocate,

I have been with DD for awhile, and I'm proud to say that I own almost every issue. I have seen DD go to hell and back, literally!

Now Mr. D.G. Chichester has signed on as the writer; and, if his first issues aren't the sign of things to come, I don't know what is. Face it folks, we're in for the ride of our lives! D.G.'s writing, combined with Lee and Al's artwork, makes the creative team that will be extremely difficult to beat. I just hope to be around for the next 300 issues of DAREDEVIL!

Kristopher Laeuter
74 Walker Pond Rd.
Stuabridge, MA 01566

Kristopher, you couldn't be more on the money. You are in for the ride of your lives!

Dear Advocate,

I really like D.G. Chichester's writing. The Punisher story is good and so is the Hand story. Punisher and Ghost Rider are both interesting and valuable heroes. All that is missing is Wolverine. Let's see him again. Also, let's see Spider-Man, Nick Fury, Shocker, Tarantula, Mysterio, Vulture, Shotgun, Boomerang, Cobra, and Stiltman some time soon! Well, until DD joins the Viewmaster Fan Club, Make Mine Marvel!!!

Mary Pritchard
(Address withheld by request)

Well, Mary, you have certainly asked for a lot under the stipulation "some time soon." Why don't you pick up a copy of MARVEL UNIVERSE to satisfy your hunger for those characters, and we'll see what we can "dish" out to you over the next several months!

Dear Daredevilers,

It seems that I finally have a reason to buy this book again! DD #295 was the best issue of this mag in ages (even if I did have to put up with yet another Ghost Rider appearance, how about leaving him in his own book for once?). DD #295 wasn't perfect yet, but it did have that "cohesive" feel to it that seems to have been missing for so long.

Chichester's vision of ol' Hornhead seems to already be truer to the spirit of the character. Heck, his team-up with Mr. Guice on Shield even brought me back to that book. And now he has me interested in DD again. I cannot wait for the fall of the Kingpin. I just want to know one thing. How does D. G. pronounce his last name? I want to be sure to have it right when I brag about this book to all my friends.

Lest he fell left out, let me not forget the other reason I'm back--Lee Weeks! I loved his work on the unjustly cancelled DESTROYER, and the man draws the best DD I've seen in a very long time. The splash page ending issue #295 was just the kind of DD I'd missed. Gorgeous work, Lee!

With Chichester/Weeks?Williamson and the nice coloring and lettering by husband and wife team, Scheele and Morelli, DAREDEVIL seems at last ready to soar back to the perch it held in Miller's heyday. So, go to it guy's! I'll be waiting and reading, reading and waiting, for each and every issue!

Loren Sanders
8623 W. Burleigh
Milwaukee, WI 53222

Chi-chester (with a long "i" and an "ester")

Dear Devil Dudes,

I know this question has probably been asked several times, but let's try again anyway. Wouldn't a blind attorney living in New York City, at some time or another, have acquired a dog? If Matt were given a seeing-eye dog by well-intentioned friends (i.e. Foggy Nelson) it would enhance the impression that he is blind (and it would make for a few interesting sub-plots).

I don't think you should get into the "Rex--the Wonder Dog" situations, but a seeing-eye dog would be a natural development for Matt. He might benefit greatly from the companionship. Daredevil is about the only character in comic books who has a logical reason to have a pet. I'd like to see you depict that kind of relationship--think about it, okay?

J.B. Lewis
1500 N.E. 6th Ct. #1
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33304

Okay, we'll think about it--but you have to remember, the Punisher had a dog once, and we all know what happened to that poor canine! Dogs and heroes don't mix very well. They have a tendency to become unwilling targets in a villain's revenge. If DD had a doggie, we wouldn't ever want to see Fido become a cheap plot twist. Would we?

Dear Devils,

Yes, with the return of Stick's clan, can an appearance by Elektra be far behind? She's the only one left who could have trained replacements; we were given a clear impression back in issue #190 that all the remaining members of the clan died in that fight. Besides, the clan's conversation at the beginning of this issue makes their new style seem like a new leader's choice--this also points to Electra. Even if she isn't leading them, I want to see her again.

I don't see how this could be the same Stone, since he gave his life to resurrect Elektra. Please don't let the clan drop out of sight for another hundred issues, now that you have resurrected them.

I'm fairly certain that the Kingpin will live through DD's assault, but you've put a hint of doubt in my mind. Good writing. If DD doesn't run into Typhoid Mary in the next issue, I'll be surprised and disappointed. His new clarity of purpose should make him more resistant to her power.

You're obviously building toward something dramatic in issue #300. It'll have to be something really special. We've come to expect a lot from this series. Good Luck!

Dave Klingbeil
1668 Eddington Rd. #2
Cleveland Heights, OH 44118

Item: This seems like a good time to shove in yet another shameless plug for yet another DAREDEVIL trade paperback, but with the fall of Kingpin, we'd thought that many of you would like to see Frank Miller and Klaus Janson's "rise of Kingpin" in the classic reprints of DAREDEVIL #169, 170, 171, 172, and 180. The "Gangwar" trade paperback not only features the first confrontation between DD and Kingpin, but it also features several "epic" battles between DD and his nemesis--the always-accurate and doubly-deadly Bullseye! Look for it on the shelves of your favorite comic book shop's shelves this month!!!

Next issue: We'll surprise you!